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AN ENGLISH MASTER AND AN IRISH SERVANT.

The first question in a whimsical dialogue between an English gentleman, on his arrival in Ireland, and Terence, his servant, a native of that country, relates to rain, and is therefore—"Apropos of Rain."

Master—Does it rain?

Terry—No, Sir.

M—I see the sun shines—*Post nubila Phœbus*:

T—The *post* has not come in yet.

M—How long did you live with Mr. T?

T—In throth, Sir, I can't tell. I passed my time so pleasantly in his service, that I never kept any account of it. I might have lived with him all the days of my life—and a great deal longer if I pleased.

M—What made you leave him?

T My young mistress took it into her head to break my heart; for I was obliged to attend her to church, to the play, and wherever she visited.

M—Was not your master a proud man?

T—The proudest man in the kingdom—he would not do a dirty action for the universe.

M—What age are you now?

T—I am just the same age of Paddy Leahy; he and I were born in a week of each other.

M—How old is he?

T—I can't tell; nor I don't think he can tell himself.

M—Were you born in Dublin?

T—No, Sir; I might if I had a mind; but I preferred the country: and, please God, if I live and do well, I'll be buried in the same parish I was born in.

M—You can write, I suppose?

T—Yes, Sir; as fast as a dog can trot.

M—Which is the usual mode of travelling in this country?

T—Why, Sir, if you travel by water, you must take a boat; and if you travel by land, either in a chaise or on horseback: those that can't afford either one or t'other are obliged to trudge it on foot.

M—Which is the pleasantest season for travelling?

T—Why, Sir, I think that season in which a man has most money in his purse.

M—I believe your roads are passably good?

T—They are passable, Sir, if you pay the turnpike.

M—I am told you have an immensity of black cattle in this country.

T—Why, we have, Sir, plenty of every colour.

M—But I think it rains too much in Ireland.

T—So every one says; but Sir Boyle says he will bring in an act of parliament in favour of fair weather; and I am sure the poor hay-makers and turf-cutters will bless him for it. God bless him, it was he that first proposed that every quart bottle should hold a quart.

M—As you have many fine rivers I suppose you have abundance of fish.

T—The best ever water wet—the first fish in the world except themselves. Why, master, I won't tell you a lie; if you were at the Boyne you could get salmon and trout for nothing; and if you were at Ballyshanny you'd get them for less.

M—Were you ever in England?

T—No, Sir; but I'd like very much to see that fine country.

M—Your passage to Liverpool, or the Head, would not cost more than half a guinea.

T—Troth, master, I'd rather walk it, than pay half the money.

Sir Isaac Newton discovered the mechanism of the planetary system. He discovered the composition of light. He discovered the cause of those alternate movements which take place on the waters of the ocean. One day, when one of his friends had said some handsome things of his extraordinary talents, Sir Isaac, in an easy and unaffected way, assured him, that for his own part he was sensible, that whatever he had done worth notice was owing to a patience of thought, rather than any extraordinary sagacity which he was endowed with above other men. "I keep the subject constantly before me, and wait till the first dawns open slowly, by little and little, into a full and clear light."

"The choice of a wife is full of hazard; not unlike as if one in a barrel full of serpents should search for one fish. If he 'scape harm of the snakes, and light on the fish, he may be thought fortunate; yet let him not boast, for perhaps it may prove but an eel." So writes a certain old author.

BONNIE JEAN.

TUNE—"THE BONNIE LASS OF BALLAGHMYLE."

You've seen upon the budding thorn,
And on the flower that shelters near,
The dew-drop, sweetest child of morn,
Like crystal, trembling pure and clear;—
Oh! then you have seen my lassie dear,
On Braid's romantic banks so green;
Like yon bright star amid the sphere,
Appears the glance of bonnie Jean.

She's sweeter than the infant rose;—
She's fairer than the mountain snow;—
And milder than the breeze that blows,
When opening flow'rs their beauties show;
To look upon her lovely brow,
Where care nor sorrow ere hath been;
You'll feel like me, your bosom glow,
With unfeigned love for bonnie Jean.

I have wander'd in the winding vale,
As day-light sunk behind the hill;
And listen'd to the linnet's tale,
Enraptured by the rippling rill;
And drank of fancy's dream at will,
When all was silent and serene;
Yet ne'er have had such joys as fill
My heart, at sight of blue eye'd Jean.

Whene'er the lark at early dawn,
Enraptured hails returning day,
You'll find her wandering o'er the lawn,
Enamoured with his cheerful lay;—
With such a maid to pass away
Life's tedious toils, and joys unseen,
In virtue's paths I still would stray,
Bless'd with my bonnie blue-eyed Jean.

Had I the hills and vales of Braid,
From *Slemish* round to *Tullymore*;
And all the flocks that there have strayed
Since the *Black rack* began to roar;*
I'd think of other maids no more,
With her still happy I'd be seen,
For in my bosom's inward core,
Dwells Ballymena's bonnie Jean.

Ballymena.

D. H.—N.

* The *Black-rack*, probably a corruption in the pronunciation of *Black-rock*, is a very wild, picturesque waterfall, on the *Artoags*, or *Clenocum*-water, and is about five miles from Ballymena, and scarcely two above Tullymore, the seat of the Hon. Major General O'Neill, M. P. for the county of Antrim. For about half a mile above the fall, the water falls every now and then from one to three feet; and when within a few paces of the fall, the water is environed with *black rocks*, about twenty feet high, and overgrown with ash, hazle, and some vestiges of the Irish oak. The fall is occasioned by a large rock lying across the stream; the water rushing over it falls about fifteen feet, making a loud noise, not unpleasant to a poetic ear. Below, the rocks rise to a greater height than at the fall, and become perpendicular; and in some places rugged, forming one of those scenes that leave the eye of the beholder so bewildered and enraptured that he is quite unfit to pourtray.

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